

have you got along, Lizy?" inquired Mrs. Amory.

"I just haven't got along at all. Apollo's been that bad," answered the girl, "he's gnawed and snapped at my heels all the morning. Then when I settled down to baking he got in his high chair and glared at me that ugly I couldn't do a thing. He hasn't eat a mouthful, either. O, but he's mean!"

"You don't say! He's jealous of my going out with Fido so much. Here, Apollo, dear little fellow! Auntie brought him a few chocolates. Won't he eat one?"

The ugly little pug never turned his face from the window. "Jump down, Apollo, Fido wants to see you." Fido barked briskly. Still Apollo turned his wrinkled, dingy little back. "What a state he's in, to be sure. I never saw him quite so bad," lamented Mrs. Amory. "What can I do, Lizy?"

"If 'twas me I'd switch him," replied Lizy, promptly. The dog sprang from the window and ran snarling at her heels. She retreated hastily through the door, muttering, "I don't care, I would!"

"Dear child, I haven't asked you to take off your hat or anything. How careless I am, but Apollo has upset me so with his foolishness. There now, he is edging around to get a chocolate. Guess I can coax him up."

At the supper table two high-chairs were set opposite to Fannie. The thin-visaged Fido occupied one, and Apollo, with his naturally disgusted little nose high in the air the other. Lizy waited on them and Fannie noticed that Apollo disposed of a very substantial little supper. In the privacy of her own room that night she laughed and cried by turns, then consoled herself by a letter to her father in which she put all the laugh, for she was determined not to show the white feather. "I may become an American 'Bonheur,' if I have enough animal painters for pupils," she wrote, carefully refraining from mentioning the number of her pupils. When she was preparing for bed she heard a growling little bark at her door, then the patter of Mrs. Amory's feet.

"Oh, Miss Earl," she called, "can you let me in?" As she opened the door Apollo walked in, sneering and snarling at Mrs. Amory over his shoulder. "Apollo is perfectly determined to sleep with you. He slept here with Katie sometimes when she was visiting me. Would you mind for him to?"

"Why, Mrs. Amory, I don't know," stammered poor Fannie. "He is so cross I am afraid of him. I might not mind Fido so much."

"But Fido does not want to, and we really won't be able to live with him if he don't. Oh, my!" she ejaculated suddenly, rubbing her heel. "There, he is biting me because I don't get his bed," and she hurried out of the door, calling back, "I'll put it on the foot of the bed. He will be all right if you just lie still."

She was soon back with a soft pink pad and two or three small blankets. The affectionate Apollo

received her with an admonitory growl and she hurried to spread them at the foot of the bed. Fannie was silent, partly through indignation and partly through fear of the malevolent little dog who lay down on his bed with severe dignity when it was arranged to his mind.

"Just notice please that he does not get uncovered during the night," was Mrs. Amory's parting injunction.

That was the last straw. Fannie broke down completely. "It is just too much," she sobbed. "I never did work so hard and I've just earned my board and studio rent and now I have got to take care of a horrid little pug dog all night. If I stir there's no telling what he'll do."

She crept into bed softly and fearfully, hardly sleeping all night, not for the purpose of keeping Apollo covered, but if she moved he growled so savagely she hardly dared stir. He absolutely refused to leave the room while she was dressing and at the breakfast table eyed her so fixedly that Mrs. Amory remarked, "Dear little Apollo, he seems to have taken such a fancy to you."

Fannie's look of silent misery must have touched Lizy for she whispered behind Mrs. Amory's back, "I'll just see he don't take such a fancy to you again if I have to sit up all night to do it."

Mrs. Adams was waiting for her at the studio door when she went down. "I have made up my mind not to take any more lessons, Miss Earl," she greeted her, "and have sent your valise to Mrs. Amory's. You evidently are not much of an artist or you would receive more patronage. I consider that Mr. and Mrs. Evans misrepresented you to me. I want you to finish my picture by noon and I will send a boy after it and my things. Next time I shall rely on my own judgment." Then she stalked downstairs. Fannie went into the studio with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. Fido's picture confronted her as she stepped in. The lithe, alert little body seemed fairly instinct with life and the satin cushion, in the strong morning light, took most natural sheen and shadow, for by dint of keeping Mrs. Amory at work with a very fine brush, "to bring out the hairs" on some place where she could do no harm, a great deal of "showing" and some surreptitious work nights and mornings, Fannie had produced a most creditable picture. Angry as she was, it comforted her.

"I don't care what she says, I know I can paint," she cried hotly. A gentle tap at the door startled her. Regaining her composure as quickly as possible, she opened it and confronted a very sweet-looking lady.

"Good-morning!" she said brightly. "I am Mrs. Kent. You probably do not recollect me. I had a little leisure this morning and thought I would call and examine your paintings. I have been hearing so much of Mrs. Amory's little dog, too. I suppose this is it. It is beautiful and so life-like. Mrs. Amory must have wonderful talent."

Fannie blushed guiltily. Mrs. Kent laughed. "We all have talent



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when our teacher is good enough, you know."

Then followed a delightful half hour while she examined Fannie's pictures and chatted.

"I like your work very much, Miss Earl," she said at last, "and must improve the time while you are here. I have painted a little and am working on a picture now with which I am dissatisfied. I shall come this afternoon and bring a friend of mine who is trying to paint with me. Good-morning."

Fannie's cheeks were still blazing but from delight this time. She fairly danced all over the studio. "Luck is coming, you darling dog, and you are bringing it," she exulted. "This almost pays for taking care of Apollo all night."

Mrs. Evans was right in her estimate of Mrs. Kent's influence, for if there were not twenty-five ladies next week there were so many that Fannie thought there was not in the whole universe so tired and so happy a girl. All day long she thinned out foliage in trees, deepened shadows in flowers, rolled up clouds in skies, while her busy brain devised screens, plaques and decorated bric-a-brac to keep up with the demands of her class. It suddenly became the fashion to take lessons of her and pet her until she could not accept half the invitations she received to visit with the ladies, or hardly accommodate all who wished to take lessons.

Fannie would not have been quite human if she had not experienced considerable satisfaction when Mrs. Adams came back and paid for her lessons, taking thankfully what time Fannie could give her with the rest. She held her class three months, arrived at the dignity of a bank book and became such a moneyed little individual that she ran up home to spend a good many Sundays during the time.

She probably never fully realized and it was well she did not, how delighted and proud her father was

at her pluck and perseverance, to say nothing of her talent. She went back in the fall to her school and a week or two after her return one of the teachers said, "How wonderfully you have improved, Miss Earl. What teacher have you been studying under?"

"Experience," answered Fannie, with a twinkle.

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